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R E T I R E M E N T.

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I N S C R I P T I O N   F O R   A N C H O R   C H U R C H.



# P O E M S

B Y T H E

REV. WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS, A. M.

*K*



*MAY presenting the beauties of SPRING, to the contemplation of Retirement,  
in the vicinity of Anchor Church, in Derbyshire.*

L O N D O N:

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## RETIREMENT.

“ **W**EAVE o'er my brow, ye shades, your amplest gloom;  
Deepen your murmurs at my feet, ye waves,  
Precipitately plung'd; ye snow-crown'd hills  
On whose high front the unstooping moon may rest  
Her wearied car; and ye that wildly spread,  
Vallies, your verdant bosom to the sun,  
Rich with his genial ray, my druid step,  
If due invok'd, receive; if now a strain  
Loose from the check of art may hope to charm  
Your mute attention, wave ye awful shades.”

Such were the strains that from the pensive breast  
Of old EUGENIO, smarting with the wrongs,  
And fated with the vanities of life,  
And now retreating from the haunts of men,  
Not without rapture tho' unbidden flow'd.

Awhile he paus'd---and o'er the sylvan tracts  
 Of lonely Nature cast a long survey,  
 Silent, yet pleas'd: upon his tranquil soul,  
 As on a mirror, the expansive scene,  
 Rich in variety and greatly fair,  
 New images imprest: their native charm  
 Work'd on each sense, till his admiring thought  
 Burst from its silence. Muse, record his thoughts !  
 And, if that grace be not denied thy claim,  
 In just simplicity's proportion'd phrase,  
 Not rude, not tasteless, not to passion weak,  
 Such as may win the approaches of the heart  
 Beyond the strutting pomp of giant words.

“ For you, ye blue-ey'd Genii of the woods,  
 (Thus he renewed the ardor of his strain)  
 That wake the unfolding Spring, that bless from cold  
 The infant plants, and train the leafy scene  
 To full maturity of verdant life !  
 Naids, for you, and all in shells that haunt  
 The evening stream, to your romantic shrines  
 I now should bend, your votary ; but the dreams

Of classic days, and ye are of their train,  
 Are fled---then with me better may I bring,  
 Nor fabulous be they deem'd, nor obsolete,  
 Fit deities to guard my sylvan reign  
 And glad these solitudes. What atheist heart  
 Shall scorn Integrity that knows no ill;  
 Courage that fears none; or the Briton power  
 Of Independence? She was wont to bless  
 Our fathers' footsteps: our effeminate age,  
 Effeminate and selfish, has exiled  
 Her liberal spirit from the palace roof,  
 To search for Freedom in these forest shades.  
 These are my household Gods. Within their fane  
 Peace shall be priestess; in their leafy dells  
 Silence may sleep; along their secret paths  
 With calm security RETIREMENT rove,  
 Veiling her step. Me too, ye holy choir,  
 Admit me to your train! The turbid walks  
 Of man, in meditative mood, I leave;  
 Leave, yet resign not or to drear despair,  
 Or dumb oblivion, the sweet social love,  
 That linking thought to thought, and heart to heart,

In golden concord, gleams from soul to soul,  
And sheds divinity on human breasts."

Again he paus'd---for stealing o'er his soul,  
The sad remembrance of his former days  
Hung, mist-like, on his thought. One natural tear  
He dropt, due tribute to the friends he lov'd,  
The loves he lost, the venal friends that fled  
His plaintive hours, when smit with penury---  
But indignation on his cheek permits  
No second tear: collected, he resumes  
The rigid tone of VIRTUE's stoic lay.

" O ye loose Bacchants! ye whose low delights  
Disgrace your day; that share with wine and lust  
The night; or, funk in sloth, the social hours  
Consume; ye, whose mir'd appetites obstruct  
The light of reason, oh, approach not here!  
Here Riot raves not---the lewd warbling lute  
Stirs not the tingling blood---the sensual thought  
Withers---the Passions wild and ill-inflam'd  
Faint in the shades of solitude, and gasp  
For the lost nourishment of absent vice."

" O ye,

O ye, that softly thro' the mazy dance  
 Of fashion float, in silken luxury fair,  
 That sip, in vanity, the virgin bloom  
 Of beauty, tasteless to the enervate sense !  
 And ye, whose venal toil, from day to day,  
 Plods its unceasing round, who steal from night  
 The sleepless hour, Love's due, to gaze on gold,  
 Recede ! nor the sweet breath of solitude  
 Taint with disgust and fear, that freshly blows  
 To the pure sense. The self-supported breast  
 Defying penury, and with Virtue's pride  
 Glancing contempt on wealth-puff'd insolence,  
 Or fairer yet, beyond an earthly ken  
 That daring looks,---Religion-lifted thought !  
 " Suit these the relish of degenerate souls ?

" Thou in majestic glory crown'd by Heaven,  
 Imperial Nature ! at thy woodland shrine  
 My votive verse receive ; before thy throne,  
 In sweet vicissitude of service, stand  
 The New, the Beauteous, the Sublime :---fair forms  
 Shap'd to the Poet's eye ! thy vernal path

Thro' groves and gardens, or in wilder scenes,  
 Wilder, yet such as rural Pleasure loves,  
 Tenderly fair, *May*, blushing Grace! adorns:  
 She, gay attendant on thy roseate reign,  
 Breathes her ambrosial spirit in thy gales,  
 Greens ev'ry hill, relumes the languid sun,  
 And guides his doubtful lustre to disclose  
 Thy woodbine foliage, peeping into bloom,  
 Fair bower of beauty! kind retreat of love!  
 Lead on, bright nymph---enchanted in thy realms,  
 On the green summit of some mountain site,  
 High o'er the extremest verge, with lifted hands  
 And rapture-straining eye, in speechless joy,  
 Wild in sublimest grandeur, *Wonder* stands.  
 Playful beneath, o'er ev'ry May-blown flower  
 Varying the scented hue, from shade to shade  
 Chasing the sunny gleam, in tremulous dews  
 With diamond lustre kindling purer grace,  
 Delighted Fancy roves, in fond pursuit  
 Of airy pastime; now, with bolder aim  
 Mingling the seasons, chills the Summer noon  
 With rush of sudden storm; now checks at will

The dark career of Winter, and o'erspreads  
 His sullen front with her all-cheering brow ;  
 Then, as its shadowy splendor melts in air,  
 Catches its falling colours, and entwines  
 The bright illusive dyes, braiding for Hope  
 (Such the reward of ev'ry earthly aim)  
 " A fairy wreath to crown his pilgrimage.

" Not all the scanty portions of delight  
 That Heav'n allots to man, with outstretch'd arm  
 AMBITION grasps ; nor he who, falsely nam'd  
 Voluptuous, rifles ev'ry sickly charm  
 That Vice obtrudes upon his cheated sense ;  
 She, as their moment of possession meets  
 His rising rapture, with insidious hand  
 Shifts their gay robes, and lo, his shudd'ring breast  
 Starts from the loath'd embraces of Disgust,  
 Or foul Remorse ! Sincerity of bliss  
 " God meant not for the turbulent and vain.

" Deem ye the modest heart in shades retir'd,  
 Loose from the low contagion of the world,

Must

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Must

Must pine in thought, or wearily benumb'd,  
 Count the dull hours, till flippant Folly comes,  
 Intrusive visitant! from whose mien, uncheck'd  
 By sense, by Humour's festive hand unpush'd,  
 Leaps the loud laugh! an independent joy,  
 That leans not on the languid form of things,  
 By art's deceptive pencil colour'd gay,  
 Blesses the ingenuous mind; a virtuous joy,  
 That, while it charms, corrupts not. Such the sense  
 Harmonious of consenting truths; fair ease;  
 Fair exercise of mind; domestic peace;  
 Disdain of slavery; Reason's temperate rule;  
 Contempt of folly; conscious worth; and Faith,  
 " That dares with eagle eye the thrones of Heaven.

" Who on his soul that feels this angel train  
 Of bliss descend, tho' rudely from his thatch  
 Cold ice-drops hang, would spurn from silent life  
 Her fair-ey'd joys! or, with the fretful spleen,  
 " Groan at the oppression of a tranquil day?

" Who

“ Who by fear'd habit to each kinder sense  
 Not grossly dull, nor hopeless to obtain,  
 Who for his soul but meditates to woo,  
 Tho' in some distant hour that never comes,  
 “ These heavenly ministers of human joy ?

“ Him that negligent of their love, in thought  
 Untasted yet, his idle fancy bathes  
 In masques, and pageant pomps, and revelling courts,  
 Or, with lewd Comus dancing, thirsts to drink  
 Circæan pleasures, from the charmed cup,  
 Him, hapless youth !---ah, save him e'er he fall !  
 “ Error shall lead or Guilt usurping rule.

“ Save him ! ere dissipating rage exhaust,  
 Or from his bloom the rust of lucre eat  
 The core of joy ; ere, pale in palsied age,  
 Wealthy too late, not wise, from virtuous bliss  
 Too long estrang'd, without an offering laid  
 On the fair altars of domestic peace,  
 To Vanity's delusive shrine he bow.

" The voice of Wealth shall never woo unheard  
 Her selfish aid: with quick regard she comes,  
 Gloats on the sculptur'd roof, the gorgeous plate  
 Dazzling the eye; and rich illumin'd strokes  
 Of TITIAN's breathing art; in gay alcove  
 Proudly reclines, and kindles at the smile  
 Of marble Loves and leaden painted Gods.  
 To those (while obelisks and streaming vanes  
 Emulous of fame, aspiring from the shades  
 Slop'd to admit his view, the Traveller's haste  
 With envious wonder check) she, proud in thought,  
 Kind in pretext, to Flattery's echoing eye  
 With curious finger points, lest unobserved,  
 Unprais'd, a ray of grandeur fall in vain.  
 Lo, all her aid and boast---tho' trimly wreathed  
 By polish'd art, tho' gemm'd, supplies the crutch  
 Youth's steely nerves to age? or can the shroud,  
 Fring'd with a golden hem, pride mixed with woe,  
 And foppery with corruption, charm the dead?

" Pensively fair, within her hazle shades,  
 At noon, when all the liberal airs of Heaven,

Fresh'ning

Fresh'ning the valley's violet sweetness, fall  
 In faint subjection to the eager heat,  
**RETIREMENT** musing fits: Pleas'd by her side,  
 Smoothing her bosom softness, Peace extends  
 A breathless calm of soul; the distant din  
 Of tumult scares not her divine repose;  
 Anger is silent; from the hallow'd scene  
 Envy, the bosom hell, to selfish breasts,  
 Hissing, retreats; Fear to the ambush flies  
 Of secret guilt; and sad unsated Care  
 Feeds on the vitals of mean drudging Vice.  
 Mute is the hour---the inward light of thought,  
 By passion'd blasts unruffled, clearly hangs  
 Its life-discerning lamp; the mental world  
 Unfolding gleams; the imagery of soul  
 A genuine shape and due complexion wears  
 Chastened beneath its beam; hence sacred Truth  
 And Virtue hence their deathless orbs illume.  
 Let Avarice, mounted on his yellow heaps,  
 Fretting his anxious eye with sleepless dread  
 Of fraud or theft, her dark enjoyment claim  
 Unenvied and unpitied; let Conceit,

In proudest folly, at her mimic glas,  
 Elaborately sleek her scented locks,  
 And deeply studious of attractive airs,  
 Creating charms and curtesying at the view,  
 Worship her shadow ; and let loose-rob'd Lust,  
 Sighing or smiling, as it seems her best,  
 In all o'erstepping Nature and the grace  
 Of modest Love, with lure of artful looks  
 Urge her dishonest aims, and to her breast  
 Constrain tir'd Pleasure panting ; shall thy soul,  
 O meditate a moment, shall thy soul,  
 Breathing immortal hopes and wrought in Heaven,  
 Her sacred ardor cheek, in sensual mire  
 Wallowing with shame ? the God within thy mind  
 Shrinks from the ghastly sight, a human soul  
 " Quench'd in the dregs of earth, and dead to Fame.

" Envy not thou in honourable shades  
 Bosom'd, and virtuous peace, the laurel leaf  
 That veils the sternness of the warrior's brow,  
 While o'er the desolation of mankind  
 Nature and Pity mourn. Thou hast thy aims,

Of

Of grandeur, thou thy glory ; thou canst boast,  
 While Nature and applauding Virtue smile,  
 Conquest o'er life : the appetites enchanted  
 Bow to thy will ; and not a struggling wish  
 O'erleaps the limits of thy modest leave ;  
 Here is thy pride, thy bliss ; the ills of fate  
 Soften'd recede ; the spirit of thy mind,  
 Genius of noblest thoughts, elate and fair,  
 In virtuous freedom breathes ; the equal love  
 Of Heaven she claims ; and conscious of her right  
 Bends not to man her sphere-aspiring worth.  
 Just to thyself, at the commanding voice  
 Of licker'd Wealth, degrade not thou thy soul  
 Awfully shivering ! nor in supple haste  
 Trip at the beck of Pride, to catch the smile  
 That low'ringly descends ! To others just,  
 Thou never, the fair fence of order torn,  
 With rudest obloquy and cynic pride  
 Bark, envious, at the footsteps of the great.

Here, while his bosom panted with disdain  
 Of the base arts thatadden life with woe,

And the dark services that worthless men  
 Administer to wealth, again he paus'd,  
 And for a third time check'd his glowing strain ;  
 Not long he check'd---Not yet the roseate morn  
 Resign'd its dewy lustre to the noon,  
 While his free footsteps rang'd along the glades,  
 Or climb'd each airy peak of steep access.  
 Warm with the love of nature and of truth,  
 Again he sung : the tenor of his lay,  
 Still in a plaintive, yet indignant air,  
 Rebuk'd the vices, mourn'd the woes of Life :  
 To vales and rocks his solitary song  
 He pour'd, nor human audience wish'd nor fear'd ;  
 While thus, in prelude soft, and milder tone,  
 He hail'd the sylvan Goddess of his choice.

“ Awake, ye western airs, with rosy breath  
 Favouring the youthful year, awake ! invite  
 (Pleas'd with the kindly task) her devious step !  
 Ye airs of Heaven, awake ! and on her bloom  
 Of soul your life-inspiring spirit shed !  
 Broke by your whispers her ambrosial rest,

She quits her mossy couch; to woo the smile  
 Of Nature, bright'ning ev'ry rural charm,  
 Retirement comes: still at the lov'd return  
 Of eve and morn, day's orient path and fall  
 Bright-purpled, the divine recluse shall come.  
 Wreath'd from the mountain's side, in billowy way,  
 Ye mists recede! nor to the forest skirts.  
 Darkly adhere! nor linger o'er the edge  
 Of reedy stream! smit with their vernal charms,  
 Thro' their wild sweetnes, her enchanted step  
 Retirement leads; and winding thro' the maze  
 Of sun, and shade, of wood and hilly heights,  
 With unremitting love, in mind pursues  
 " The silent track of nature-breathing thought.

" Mean while the beauteous-handed Spring unfolds  
 The azure grace of Heaven; and earth beneath,  
 Loosening her veins to joy, looks up and smiles.  
 Retirement in her walk, enraptur'd, marks  
 The bounty-blessing scene. The tender bloom,  
 Wak'd from its annual death, salutes her eye,  
 Waving in triumph to the passing air.

Its thousand colours ; even the lowly herb  
 Wreathes its impatient head, of richer life  
 Ambitious, proudly struggling from the earth.  
 The air breathes music ; and the cheerful voice  
 Of melody, untutor'd, unconfin'd,  
 From field to fountain wings its warb'ling course,  
 The solace of the groves : the wond'ring herds  
 Pause from their food, and frisk in wanton joy.  
 Thus while all nature kindles into soul,  
 Impelling vigour thro' the enliven'd veins  
 Of herb or beast, the animating force  
 Thrills to the heart of man : spontaneous bliss,  
 Borne on the tide of spirits, gushes forth  
 'Gainst every sense wild-dashing ; eye and ear  
 Quicken anew with rapture ; joy and hope,  
 Beam'd or re-echo'd from each vernal scene,  
 " And gratitude and love inspire the heart.

" In every gale, with genial pleasure rich,  
 Poetic Virtue breathes, and, free of power,  
 Noble in object, from the well-ton'd soul  
 " With generous impulse strikes the harmonious thought.

" Yet

“ Yet ere thy hand, with daring spirit warm,  
 Awake the wires of Fancy, ere she draw  
 Her roseate veil and smile thee to her love,  
 Mark, where, with scowling aspect, Dullness stands :  
 Wearily slow his words---drowsy their tone---  
 Muttering with solemn air and sapient pride  
 Proverbial documents and grandam lore,  
 He shakes the affected pity of his brow,  
 In meanest triumph, o'er the withering fate  
 “ Of Genius, and the proud neglect of worth.

“ Lo, he \* who died of hunger and of thirst---  
 He, who on Mulla's banks, in fairy pomp,  
 Marshall'd his splendid chivalry, and deck'd  
 With virtue-breathing shews ELIZA's court.  
 The trump re-echoes ; and the redcross Knight  
 Issues in ardor forth ; adventurous deeds  
 Urging thro' danger to the steeps of fame ;  
 The lady of his love, herself the meed  
 Of his high triumph, animates his heart.  
 Scar'd at his sun-bright shield and haughty lance

\* Spencer.

Pointed with death, the chariot's winged speed  
 Falters---unshelter'd from his fury, falls  
 The faithless Soldan ; the dark wizard shrieks ;  
 The ghostly chambers, the wild shadowy hosts,  
 And magic murmurs melt in angry air.  
 Rapt by his powerful strain, the elated soul  
 Spurns the dull features of existent time,  
 And its dark grain of manners : charm'd in thought  
 To meet his fairy imagery of song,  
 She in the fable of heroic days  
 Longs to have mix'd her flame. Sublime or sweet,  
 The trumpet thunders, or the plaintive lute  
 Its tendereft accent breathes ; in plain or court,  
 (While the bard died of hunger and of thirst,)  
 " Wood nymphs and regal dames ador'd his songs.

" See " fall'n on evil days and evil tongues,  
 Rolling in vain his perish'd orbs of sight,  
 In Freedom's aid o'erply'd," \* the bard by Heaven  
 " Best favour'd !---such the crown of human worth !

• Milton.

O ye

O ye whose bosoms, true to Nature, turn,  
 Like the bright flower before the orb of day,  
 To every movement of the Poet's mind !  
 Blest be the graceful weakness that descends  
 In silent tears, that heaves your pitying hearts,  
 When wrung with deep and delicate distress  
 Monimia mourns ; or she who kneels in vain  
 For the lost blessing of a father's love,  
 For the dear forfeit of a husband's life,  
 Poor hapless Belvidera !  
 Still as your souls in rapt attention hush'd,  
 Sigh o'er their fate, let Indignation point,  
 Virgins and Youths ! and all whose bosoms bleed  
 At storied grief and fabulous despair !  
 Where the Creator of those passion'd scenes  
 Naked, unsheltered, hunger-smit and poor,  
 Poor to the last extremity of woe,  
 Sadly beseeches, ere he sinks in death,  
 The scantiest boon that ever Genius ask'd,  
 That e'er the meanest nature can implore,  
 One morsel from your board---it comes too late---  
 And the Muse hymns her OTWAY's soul to Heaven.

" But

" But who is he whom later garlands grace\* " ?  
 Lo, his worn youth beneath the chilly grasp  
 Of penury faints ; and in her mournful shroud  
 Dark'ning all joy, all promises of good,  
 All health, all hope, sad Melancholy saps  
 In drear decay the fabric of his mind :  
 See shuddering Pity o'er his fallen soul  
 Wrings her pale hands ! Regardless of the guide  
 That lifts his step, regardless of the friend  
 That mourns, nor sadly conscious of himself,  
 Silent yet wild, his languid spirit lies ;  
 The light of thought has wandered from his eye,  
 It glares---but sees not. Yet this breathing corse,  
 This youthful driveller, Nature's ghastliest form,  
 (Oh, who would love the lyre ?) in all the courts  
 Of Fancy, where abstracted Beauty play'd  
 With wildest elegance, his ardent shell  
 " Enamour'd struck, and charm'd her various soul.

" See, later yet, and yet in drearier state,  
 Where dawning Genius + struggling into day

\* Collins.

+ Chatherton.

Sinks

Sinks in a dark eclipse ; no friendly heart  
 With love auspicious, and no angel-hand  
 With prosperous spell his labouring sun relieve,  
 " And chace the gather'd clouds that drop with blood.

" Such were the lights of soul that in the Heaven  
 Of Fancy blaz'd : the energetic breath of thought,  
 Fanning their transports, vivify'd their sphere  
 With mental beauty ; and their sacred songs  
 Shall stream in lustre o'er each falling age,  
 When fainter records die : mean while the mind,  
 Mourning their fate, not emulous of their worth,  
 To other annals turns : the historic page,  
 Breathing with life, before her eye unfolds  
 The varying garb of Manners, and reveals  
 The soul of Nature. Shapes of ancient Time,  
 Glitter before her view : with Virtue, Faith,  
 With Freedom, Fame descends. The alter'd scene  
 Discolours now---now darkens : Fraud to Faith  
 Is link'd ; to Freedom, Death : the tribes of art,  
 And the wild passions, from the intent of God  
 Corrupted by the vicious skill of man,

Dark or impetuous, madden o'er the maze  
 Of Life: from these the unambitious mind  
 Escap'd, securely frames in humbler vales  
 Her nest, and makes Content her Fame. Less pleas'd,  
 Less ardent her uncheated eye pursues  
 The vast emprise of Valour, when the Pomp  
 Of Heroism, in imperial folly, stalks  
 Proud with a golden pall; ev'en then recur  
 To Pity's tender thought, the wounds of Love,  
 The devastation, and the bloody track  
 The ambitious sword has wrought. The widow's tear,  
 The cradled wretch that reckless of the cause  
 Wails to his mother's weeping, the poor Sire  
 Spoil'd of his aged boast, ah, Sire no more!  
 With her o'erwhelm the long applauding shout  
 And rattling wheel of Triumph. Still the Mind,  
 In weak excursion, o'er the troubled scene  
 Fearfully hovers; but with cow'ring wing,  
 Hopeful of rest, when on some brittle joy  
 " Well pleas'd she stoops, beneath her step it breaks.

“ See in the treacherous bowl the bliss of love  
 And light of life descend: the friendly breast  
 Falls by the hand it sav'd: for patriot worth  
 The tyrant grinds his ax: religious zeal  
 Waves forth the torch of hell, and Horror flames  
 “ Woe and amazement o'er the souls of men.

“ From private sorrow rising, Pain and Death  
 Expand their powers; \* a nation gleams in war;  
 The tumult thickens; the unfeeling sword  
 Grides thro' the kindred breast. See Rout and Shame  
 Speed o'er the corse-throng'd way! See gory shapes  
 And armed Terrors rush! in mockery see  
 O'er Regal Sorrow fits in stern array  
 The Traitorous Judgment! in the eye of Heaven,  
 O'er his meek brow dishonourable Death  
 Unwinds his sable flag: O sad display  
 “ Of Virtue garb'd in Misery's bloodiest veil!

“ Shew me the turret on which Pride may place  
 Her gratified ambition? where the bliss

\* Alluding to the civil commotions in the reign of Charles the First.

That

That mocks not the embracing hope? the Life,  
 That fluttering thro' the busy-dreaming world  
 Wings to the house of rest that dreadless course  
 Which silent worth would wish? A Nation's love  
 By patriot deeds and death defying fame  
 Let Valour win; let rival Beauty vaunt  
 O'er the defeated glories of that cheek  
 Beneath the living lustre of whose beams  
 Her envy paled; then gayly let them come,  
 Pride in their eye and pleasure at their heart,  
 And mark where GLORIANA lies \*---Behold!  
 On the cold pavement for the jewell'd throne,  
 Sad choice! of human vanity and grief  
 " Most feelingly expressive, low she lies.

" Mark, as the soothing friend, or to her ear †  
 In wily humour creeping, the base speech  
 Of adulation breathes " Dread Sovereign Queen,  
 Imperial Mistress, Arbitress of Earth!"  
 Mark if the Goddess at the alluring found

\* Elizabeth, so called by the Poets of her age.

† See Hume's account of Queen Elizabeth's Death.

Unveil her sorrowing eye ; Mark if the pride  
 Of Empire, glistning on her crown, adorn  
 Her brows wan horror ; if a nation's prayer  
 Gladden her heart ; stern at her bosom hang,  
 Bathed in her blood, and twisted with the strings  
 Of life, the inexorable fiends of woe.  
 On the cold pavement still she lies ; Dismay,  
 Jealous Remorse, and Pain, and secret Guilt,  
 Wearying her blasted moments, till her age,  
 Pity her aged grief ! ebbing, dissolves  
 In all the sobbing impotence of tears,  
 Quiv'ring with speechless agony that mocks  
 " Relief and Hope, invoking Death in vain.

" Well may the hind, in penury grown old,  
 Thro' whose sole casement the dim light of morn  
 A scanty ray intrudes, his shatter'd nerves  
 Rousing to toil, with pitying visage ask,  
 Was this a Queen ? could this weak withering wretch,  
 This fool of angry Nature, gird her brow  
 With glory ? and a female soul exalt,  
 " At which the knee of kingdoms sued to bend ?

“ Such is the state of Man---the boast of Heaven  
 And wonder of the Gods---from scene to scene  
 Teazing his anxious thought in idle chace  
 Of Folly’s painted shadows. Love a while  
 Toys with his burning Youth; then Wealth, then Fame,  
 A sickly lustre shedding o’er his age,  
 Becken his eager step: behind, unseen,  
 Sabling the splendid tints of Fancy, comes  
 Disgust: Disgust or Disappointment crowns  
 With numb’d satiety, or anguish’d ache,  
 In every scene the chace---Such is the state  
 Of proud imperial man---the dupe of Hope,  
 The slave of Sorrow---scourg’d by angry Fate  
 “ In fever’d agitation to the Grave.

“ Now while in threat’ning horror onward move,  
 Dark’ning the vale of life,---ah nearer now!  
 The blood-stain’d clouds---Thundering in wrath, while now  
 Deepens the storm, from Folly’s baby crown  
 Beating the gilt, and to the heart of Vice,  
 (Tho’ clos’d his eyes in superstitious gloom)

Flashing

Flashing dismay, the Moral Thought may walk  
 Calm and secure amidst the war of woes;  
 From ill educating good, while life unveils  
 Her splendid miseries. Let the fraudulent brow  
 Of Care, the lying smile of Love, and all  
 The ghastly images of Guilt, impress  
 This one great lesson on thy heedful soul,  
 (Parent of noblest deed, of power to quench  
 The fears, and pains, and all the death of Life)  
 Humbly to hope, from Virtue's crowning hand,  
 Bliss in a future age, a fairer world,  
 Meanwhile to mark the living mind with worth,  
 The sweet security of lowly life,  
 " To love, and silent Grandeur of Content.

Here from the murmurs of his solemn strain  
 EUGENIO ceas'd---and sighing---and in his mind  
 Silent revolv'd the numerous ills of fate---  
 Not yet the Noon had with its radiant beam  
 Emblaz'd the deep, when bounding o'er the wave,  
 Full in his sight, for on a cliff he sat

That

That fronted the broad main, a gallant ship  
 Clos'd its wide wings, and anchored on the shore.  
 Who shall describe his transport? May he trust  
 His flatter'd sight? He may. The wealthy freight,  
 The gallant crew, long deem'd in ocean funk,  
 Present their treasures at their owner's feet;  
 That owner is EUGENIO. Now his heart  
 (Such is the heart of inconsistent man)  
 Flush'd with the glare of his returning wealth,  
 Already to his solitary joys  
 Sings an eternal requiem. Now, farewell  
 Thou russet vest, and thou contracted cot,  
 Within whose sordid cincture and dull bourne  
 Misanthropy retiring, may obscure  
 Her canker'd hatred; or some Hermit veil  
 His holy apathy and deaden'd soul.  
 Farewell for ever to the torpid reign  
 Of Silence; her best joys and fairest scenes  
 The soul exhausting soon, to social bliss  
 Returns with unextinguishable love.

Not

Not yet the Night had with her ebon shade  
Curtain'd the earth, when his impatient step  
Sought the gay Town ; and his ambitious heart, (10)  
With all the eagerness of untried Youth,  
And careless of lost loves and venal friends,  
Yet once more with the gay and busy world  
Plung'd in the waves of Passion and of Care.

## ODE TO HEALTH.

RETURN fair Health!—the Muse again,  
A sweet associate of thy train!  
To sketch the landscapes as they lie  
Bright'ning beneath thy beamy eye,  
Shall follow where thy footsteps lead  
Along the morn-empurpled mead,  
That, slanting down old Askew's side,  
Obtrudes on Trent's diminish'd tide.

Touch'd by thy spirit, Genial Power!  
And crown'd by thee, Life's varied hour  
A gay unclouded aspect wears,  
High o'er the groveling mist of cares.

While

While Hope in every changeful scene  
 Exults beneath thy radiant mien,  
 O most indulge my favour'd breast  
 When Friendship greets the heart-lov'd guest,  
 Nor let my hand, with languor faint,  
 Cast o'er his welcome cold restraint.  
 O ever round my cheerful board  
 Be all thy social pleasures pour'd,  
 While, sparkling from the liberal mind,  
 The gladden'd thought starts, unconfin'd  
 By slow Reserve, or down-cast Awe  
 Whose words in faltering haste withdraw;  
 Or Inattention's torpid ear,  
 Who, gazing, only seems to hear;  
 Or dark Distrust, in silence bound,  
 With jealous eye that peers around.  
 Thy influence wakes a fairer birth,  
 Light Ease, and Play, and vacant Mirth;  
 The dancing Hopes; the glittering vein  
 That runs thro' Fancy's boundless reign;

With

With all the vivid grace of thought,  
 In Wit's energetic quickness wrought ;  
 And Humour, at whose festive sounds  
 Fantastic-footed Laughter bounds.

With thee even Solitude is seen  
 Clear from the withering brow of spleen ;  
 Her solemn air, her musing pace,  
 Each deep, compos'd, majestic grace,  
 Flush'd heavenly by thy vital bloom  
 A freer fairer look assume ;  
 Her listless thought, her languid tone  
 No more oppressive sadness own ;  
 But, nerv'd by thee, such transport take,  
 That all her silent fancies wake.

Thou, in RETIREMENT's hermit hour,  
 A fairy saint to bless her bower,  
 Shalt chace, with holy spell, away  
 The fiends that vex her private day ;  
 Self-tir'd and sullen Discontent ;  
 Hatred, his brows in anger bent ;

And

And Superstition's gorgon head  
 That rends the midnight dream with dread;  
 And Melancholy's moping train,  
 Grief, and the sickly dregs of Pain;  
 And stern disgust of Life, that bears  
 With murmur'd woe his weight of cares,  
 Or, as his desperate sorrows rave,  
 Visits in gore his timeless grave.

When evening shadows haunt the vale,  
 And dewy sweets enrich the gale,  
 And musing thro' her motley groves  
 With Inspiration Autumn roves;  
 When Hope, upon her morning's wing,  
 Enchanting sheds the bloom of Spring;  
 When Summer's sultry noon persuades  
 Where Coolness wreathes her bow'ry shades,  
 And Beauty courts, with loosen'd vest,  
 The straggling zephyrs to her breast;  
 When shuddering Crones, in wintry nights,  
 Recount long tales of ghostly sights,

And, hovering o'er the ember's gleam,  
 At every casual sparkle scream ;  
 O Genius of each chosen hour !  
 When most I court thy glowing power,  
 From irksome labours ever free,  
 If Heaven such bliss reserve for me !  
 From social worth retir'd a while,  
 Full on my soul delighted smile !

Tho' Grandeur stoop not to my shed ;  
 Tho' Pride avert his lifted head ;  
 Tho' tasteless Folly fluttering by  
 Leer on my lot with Mockery's eye ;  
 Yet here while Health consents to stay,  
 The charmer of my secret day ;  
 While Love, with youthful Hope allied,  
 Beneath my cottage roof abide ;  
 While myrtle-handed Leisure throws  
 O'er soften'd life her sweet repose ;  
 And Fancy to her fav'rite lute  
 Some high ambitious rhyme shall suit ;

My

My heart with these sublimely blest,  
Bids Pride and Folly share the rest.

Yet if my fate my wish deny ;  
If leisure, love, and fancy fly,  
While, dim and weary, life remains,  
And heaves the slow blood thro' my veins,  
Order and Peace, a tranquil mind,  
Tho' ever pensive, yet resign'd,  
Shall worship on the banks of Trent  
The household deity, CONTENT.

## THE RETREAT OF FANCY.

---

THE phantom glories move no more ;  
The spell is broke---the charm is o'er---  
Away the shadowy sorceries fly  
That stole their life from Fancy's eye ;  
Mark, as her flow'ry step retreats,  
Mark, as her lyre restrains its fairy tone,  
The angel host, and bliss-embow'ring feats,  
And gleams from Inspiration's heaven are flown ;  
Where, gazing once, entranc'd Attention caught  
His rich adorn'd rhyme, and soul-enchanting thought.

The

The credulous Hopes in mockery crown'd,  
 Ambitious Error's vaunting round  
 Mourn o'er the pageant, as she flies  
 With wings involv'd in misty skies;  
 The mind that lov'd her languid lay  
 Exhausted of each fair and manly aim,  
 Pines in the shades of apathy away ;  
 A dream, a wish at best, her lifeless claim ;  
 While Youth laments the blossoms of his prime  
 Shatter'd by Folly's step, and hasty fall of Time.

Ah blest of heaven ! what dauntless Power,  
 Warring against the wizard bower,  
 With radiant arm the spell unwound,  
 And loos'd the sprites in darkness bound ?  
 Lo, Champion's of celestial kind !  
 Truth's sun-bright shield dispels the hovering shade.,  
 Experience marks the districts of the mind ;  
 And Reason leads, in well-rang'd file display'd,  
 Her armed words ; the empire to maintain  
 Which Nature reassumes, a free but social reign.

With foul-subliming spirit blest,  
 O Sovereign ! touch my kindling breast ;  
 The energies of life return,  
 And all the bosom feelings burn ;  
 The death-dark shadows wave no more,  
 Where cloyster'd Sloth, usurping Virtue's name,  
 Breathes his mysterious thoughts, in wisper'd lace,  
 To lure faint Travellers from the walks of Fame,  
 Wide round his couch wan Solitude prevails,  
 Shame at his footstep barks, his life-blood Want assails.

## INSCRIPTION for ANCHOR CHURCH.

---

O THOU who to this wild retreat  
 Shalt lead by choice thy Pilgrim feet,  
 To trace the dark wood waving o'er  
 This rocky cell and sainted floor,  
 If here thou bringest a gentle mind  
 That shuns by fits, yet loves mankind,  
 That leaves the Schools, and in this wood  
 Learns the best Science to be good,  
 Then soft, as on the deeps below  
 Yon Oaks their silent umbrage throw,  
 Peace, to thy prayers by Virtue brought,  
 Pilgrim, shall bless thy hallow'd thought.

\* An Hermitage belonging to Sir Robert Burdett, Bart. Derbyshire, to whom  
the Author begs permission to inscribe these Poems, with Respect and Gratitude.

